1: Jenness--239 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 157

"Another trait in the character of the Copper Eskimo is a rather thoughtless cruelty. I can better explain my meaning perhaps by the apparently paradoxical statement that while they have much sympathy they have very little real pity. They grieve at the death or misfortune of their relatives, but they calmly look on and allow a helpless babe to be murdered without the slightest compunction. It could not be expected perhaps of a race of hunters that they should feel any pity for their victims; hence we are not surprised that a native should allow a wounded deer to lie in agony for hours when by a little extra trouble he could put an immediate end to its misery."

I2: Collinson--166-167
116, 101, 157, 411, 511

(1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo

" On Monday I took a tent with me, and camped over in South Bay, so as to carry my triangulation out in that direction.... A party of natives came down on the 23rd, and appeared much afraid of the water, showing some reluctance in getting into the boat. I returned just as they were[167] leaving, but saw enough to confirm the report that they belonged to the Winter Island or central tribe, which we found by Captain Washington's vocabulary and their costume. They did not appear to be very well off as to food or clothing, and but few arrows were tipped with iron."

12: Collinson--285-286 (1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo
116, 123, 157

"As will be seen in my journal, [T. M: See page 248, cat. 116, 123] three only, and that on one occasion, were persuaded to remain on board during the night, and although very desirous to cultivate their intimacy, I could not induce them to venture again; perhaps my anxiety in this instance produced suspicion. Our communication, therefore, must be regarded as casual visits, in which neither party as yet could understand the other; but although guilty in some cases of theft, they have left with us the [286] impression that they are a kind-hearted, well-disposed people; and gave me similar feelings to those which appear to have taken place on the first intercourse between the inhabitants of the New and Old World."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

knowing that without aid they themselves could never reach the timber. One priest went in front to break the trail, the other marched behind the sled, threatening the natives with his rifle whenever they halted or turned back. The terrified Eskimos plotted to kill them and watched for an opportunity. When the priest behind them slackened his guard for a moment they leaped upon him with their knives, stabbed him to death, and shot his companion with the rifle. Then they cut open the bodies of their victims and ate the livers, a gruesome custom general among nearly all Eskimo tribes to render the spirits of the dead innocuous.

The hunters now returned and reported their crime to the people at the mouth of the river, who ascended to the scene of the murders and plundered the sled. Knife was not present on this occasion, but the following summer, while we were establishing our base at Bernard Harbour, he and his kinsmen pillaged the missionaries' cabin at the Dismal Lakes. Several Eskimos in this village that Johansen and I were visiting held property belonging to the priests, and the ringleader of the two murderers actually entertained us in his house. Strangely enough, we were greatly impressed by his bearing, and considered him one of the most enterprising and reliable natives that we had yet encountered.

Police arrested the two murderers about eighteen

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wife. Their seventeen-year-old son Misty was Jennie's favourite companion; the two played at housekeeping together, snared small birds, and shot at ptarmigan with their bows and arrows. Chatterbox, a nephew of Icehouse, was a big, phlegmatic individual who abhorred quarrels and shirked the responsibility of ever taking the initiative. Himself a silent man, despite his name, his main trouble in life was to check the gossip of his wife, who outmatched Icehouse in her zeal for prying into the affairs of other people; but there was no malice in her gossip, and the two lived happily together, well liked by all their associates. Probably a physical peculiarity in Chatterbox contributed not a little to their matrimonial felicity; he was the only man in the country whose head was almost bald, and his wife was proud of his distinction. Why their seven-year-old son should be nearly as bald as his father was not easy to explain; it was certainly not due to disease, for these Eskimos had no infectious diseases.

Parted-Hair, the last hunter in our party, and the sole representative of Ikpuck's family line, was a young man who had married a woman twenty years his senior. His face was exceptionally short and flat, his nose almost swallowed up in his other features, so that even the most charitable of his countrymen could hardly call him prepossessing. Toward the children his manner was somewhat overbearing, but he always showed marked respect to his elders, especially to his

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kinsman Ikpuck. For the rest, he was an energetic hunter, a good sealer, and a very skilful fisherman, qualities that rank high in an Eskimo community. His marriage yielded him no children, but his wife, whose first husband had died a few years earlier, brought a fourteen-year-old son in her train.

Even the children had many little duties to perform in this our last camp on the sea-ice, while the fathers hunted seals and caribou, and the mothers sorted out the household things they intended to leave on the coast, or filled the pokes of blubber they were storing away for the autumn months. Each family had two pokes that weighed, when full, between three hundred and four hundred pounds, and our most pressing task for the moment was to dispose of them. Most people would have found it very unpleasant to cram a bag with oily seal blubber; but the women, accustomed to the task from childhood, merely put on their oldest clothes, rolled up the coat-sleeves, and buried their arms in the greasy mass without the slightest hesitation.

Not all the oil that exuded from the blubber found its way into the pokes. The women rubbed some of it over their faces to mitigate the effect of sunburn, and recommended the same treatment for my own weather-beaten countenance. Sunburn hardly seemed credible when the temperature of the atmosphere remained constantly below the freezing-point; but the sun now shone throughout the twenty-four hours of

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mos at the Liston and Sutton Islands on a day when the calm weather had drawn every hunter out to the ice-field, even women and young boys. They were standing like pillars over their individual seal-holes, scarcely daring to raise their heads lest they should alarm the seals beneath. But one hunter, Big-Tooth, hailed us, and thinking that he might have harpooned a large bearded seal which he was unable to draw up alone, I sent Patsy ahead with the sled, and hastened to his assistance. As I drew near, however, he left the seal-hole and sauntered toward me.

"It's the white man," he called.

"Yes, Big-Tooth."

"I've had no luck with my sealing," he continued.

"Is that so?"

"Ikpuck has been very successful."

"That's good news."

"I'll search around a little longer before I go home."

"Very well. I'm going straight to the camp." With these words I moved away, but he called out again:

"By the way, have any of our eastern kinsmen arrived yet?"

"No, not yet," I answered, and moved on a few yards.

"By the way, I'll be going home soon."

"Oh, very well," I called without halting.

"By the way, if I catch a seal will you give me some cartridges for part of the meat?"

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"Perhaps."

"You can use it for dog-food, you know."

"Yes." And I continued on.

"By the way, I'm Big-Tooth, you know."

"Yes, Big-Tooth."

"By the way—". But I pretended not to hear him and hurried to overtake Patsy. Big-Tooth was a good fellow and deservedly popular; yet even his countrymen, whose own minds moved in constant circles round the material present, took to flight whenever he joined in a conversation.

On reaching the islands we erected a tent inside an unusually large snow-hut that opened into Ikpuck's dwelling. This was an admirable arrangement for two reasons; the hut gave us shelter from the wind, and the tent made it possible to set up a stove where we could burn some of the driftwood that lined the western beaches of the island. Here, with more privacy, we made another attempt to investigate the mythology and religion of the people. Ikpuck and Icehouse gladly told us all they knew, and though not well versed in the traditional lore of their people, they could direct us to better informants. We then closeted ourselves with two old men, whose hearts we warmed with some hard biscuits and cups of steaming chocolate. The comfortable tent and the unusual beverage loosened their tongues, and when one man

THROUGH BLIZZARDS TO SPRING

Spring came suddenly about the middle of March, when the thermometer rose well above zero. Our station then became the Mecca for tribes from as far east as the Musk-ox people, who, like the nearer Eskimos, clamoured for trade goods, rifles, and ammunition. These were not the people I had visited three or four weeks previously, but kinsmen from the second camp a few miles farther east, who had lingered at their new sealing-ground until milder weather enabled them to undertake the long journey to Bernard Harbour without hardship. Their leader was a short, white-bearded medicine-man, brusque but always dignified in his movements, and with a shrewd, kindly face that attracted immediate attention. Undoubtedly he possessed great force of character, for his tribesmen reverenced him as a father and complied with all his wishes; nominally the Eskimos recognize no chiefs among themselves, considering every man the equal of every other.

The old man taught me some of his ancient lore, and even summoned a familiar spirit that I might record a shamanistic séance on the phonograph. His followers credited him with the most fantastic powers; he could fly through the air like a bird, go down into the ocean like a fish, see what was happening hundreds of miles away. But the old man never boasted of these things; they might be true, he said, and they might not, for he lost all consciousness of himself when the familiar spirits took possession of his body.

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they were making their one final appeal. What had my "spirit" answered? What could it answer? When trouble came upon them, as it surely must, and they cried to me for help, would they think me ungrateful if no help came? At last I turned to Icehouse and said, "Sometimes, you know, it is not possible to help." And she answered sadly, "Yes. There are many evil spirits surrounding us, and sometimes no help is possible."

I finished the packing of my specimens before the end of June, and since the heavy ice in the strait would prevent our sailing for at least two weeks, I thought I might travel down to Cape Krusenstern for a farewell view of some Eskimos who were still fishing in the various streams. Patsy was to accompany me, and, with the consent of Ikpuck and Icehouse, I invited Jennie to go with us. She danced with glee at the prospect. Without further delay, we rolled up our packs, loaded two dogs with extra provisions, and marched away over the tundra.

Jennie was the merriest of companions, and the most useful. She laughed when the dogs chased a sandpiper, she laughed when she stumbled over a niggerhead. Her laughter was infectious, and no merrier party ever tramped those northern meadows. She was only twelve years of age, or thirteen at the most, with all a child's love of play and pastime; yet already she knew some of the responsibilities of her sex, and at the